

1 "QUIET" CHAISTMAS EVE.

MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE MADELEINE

The Five Classes of Americans in the Gay French Capital.

THE BOULEVARDS AT NIGHT

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. PARIS, December 1, 1896.



or a stylish boarding house. The occupants of stylish boarding houses give great thought to up a handsome merrymaking, worthy of their reputation. Householders in big apartments wonder how far they are bound to entertain. Passing tourists in the hotels plan long trips along the boulevards to see the Christmas fair. And Latin quarter students-their universal mark is impecuniosity-do not neglect to take advan-

tage of the liberal season to write home pathetic letters with full details of the price of coal in Paris. Yet when Christmas comes round they will find themselves snug entertainment, as they always have done in the past.



Christmas in a small ready-furnished Par-s apartment is not the gayest feast in all he world. It is regularly a mother and two daughters, or three girds or-hetter-tw girls and a chaperon, who undertake this keeping house in a dear capital, from motives of economy. For 300 francs they have cozy enough little flat, all furnished, to the crockery and glassware, the bed-covering and the kitchen utensils. towels, silverware and napkins may be contracted for-a reasonable weekly service. And what they eat and what it costs is no one's affair. They are at home—"so much more comfortable than in a pension"—and have an "afternoon," when they give tea to those who come. But, ah! the rapture of an invitation out, no matter where,

In a Fashionable Pension.

Decidedly a fashionable pension is the most genial place in which to spend a Paris Christmas. That depression which comes to all expatriated ones, the tender, remin iscent sadness of the Christmastide itself, is best borne in the midst of other suffer



To Make It Seem Real.

and spacious hotel de famille, and utterly repudiates the name of boarding housecontains a household made up of mixed elements. There are young ladies from the same city who will not know each other ecause they are not in the same set at home. There are German and South Ameri can bourse operators, carrying their busi-ness in their hats, who pay court to these same young ladles alternately, with great skill. There are young men and maidens from a half-a-dozen states, who come to from a half-a-dozen states, who come Paris for the singing masters a la mode,



America and France.

There are girls with their mothers, doin the grand tour. There are rich widows, rich old maids, rich married ladies with their husbands safe at home to watch their interests and send on the monthly check. The ordinary occupation of these wealthy females is to briskly hasten to the Louvre or Bon Marche each morning, where they

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS sometimes make a purchase. But as they have bought so many things already, it is no easy matter without duplicating. Christ-How the Holidays Are Enjoyed by
the American Colonists.

The American Colonists of the Mithau Colonists of the American Colonists of the Mithau Co "occasion" merchandise, which it is the chief solace of their Paris residence to be

As it is, gifts figure quite too largely.

As it is, gifts figure quite too largely.

Three thoughtless, ostentatious and good-natured idle women have it in their power



to upset the whole pension and breed plague of present-giving which is full of inconvenience. Half the people in the house are young, existing on the monthly check. To be forced into buying mutual gifts might easily mean the height of inconvenience to them. And yet becase the ball has been se rolling, one and all must turn out Christ-mas day, and thence along till New Year and spend money uselessly.

A Real Christmas. It is a real Christmas, nevertheless. It

comes high, but it is envied by the lonely ones, shivering in their wretched little "homelike" apartments. The house provides a splendid Christmas tree, on which there hangs a gift for every guest. The girls—and wealthy married ladies—are all sweetly dressed for dancing. The young men have their smoking jackets and loud brocade watstcoats. There is mistletoe and holly, and squeais may be heard from every corner. This is France, the land of sweet and cheap champagne. At the corner grocery you may buy good brands as low as five france fifty, and there are "tisanes" of champagne that come as low as one france. charpagne that come as low as one france eignty-five. The popping of the champagne corks punctuate the happy uproar. The orchestra—plano, violins, flute and one horn—strikes up the first waltz of the night. Hurrah for Christmas eve in Paris! It is a loud and merry hour, that passes all too quickly. For at half-past 10 there always comes a lull. Half of the merrymakers have made parties to attend the celebrated Paris midnight mass of Christmas eve, and one must hurry off to find a place in one of the great churches. There is a skurrying upstairs for stouter shoes and other hasty changes. Down they troop again, enveloped in their brand-new furs, which later on are to cause such sen-sation and such jealousy at home. There is a piling into cabs, and then, still flushe and bolsterous, they clatter over the Parisian asphalt to the holy places. You would not blame them for the seeming levity could you but know them and their circumstances. For the past week they have been fighting against tears and moping, far from home and friends. This burst of riot, mingling the dance with prayer, is



thrust on them. They are the sport of or portunity, and they mean well. Little Bil-lee in the story book walked home from the midnight mass in holy silence. with good resolutions. Evidently he not live in one of these smart pensions. In the Madeleine.

But we will know how to be serious, too when once we cross the threshold of the Madeleine. This noble church, immense as it is, will be already more than half filled at 10 o'clock. At this hour the great front doors are closed, and people are allowed to enter only by a little side door, far around on the west side. A line forms, and admission is gained slowly. Among these good people, mostly French, our young lolks are not made to feel their gaiety has been mistimed. They are gay, too, these comfortable, roly-poly Paris mammas, antice and grandworther with the at nties and grandmothers, with the troops of children who will never stand still. Waiting in a line is a great lark for them. Waiting in a line is a great lark for them.
And, besides, they are full of a hundred projects and surprises. The crowd is chattering and giggling as it slowly winds its way to the side door. It is a cheering sight to see so many common soldiers who have not forgotten their duty to religion. Although they have but one short night, they do not grudge two hours of it spent thus.

The devotion of the great crowd is infectious, and the simple Christmas hymns with which the choir of the Madeleine is won to while away the waiting hours are sooth-ing and familiar. In the American Church of the Avenue Hoche the American habit of voices in the choir and florid musi is maintained. But here, as in most Paris churches, the simple canticle is deemed more homely and appropriate.

The Midnight Mass.

Half-past 10, 11, half-past 11, 12, the time s passing to "The Angels In Our Moun-"Adeste Fideles" and "Nouvelle Agreeable!" Then the voices are stient for Agreeable!" Then the voices are slient for a time, and a soft, low prelude is played at the organ. Then, as the church clock sounds the stroke of midnight, the voices are lifted up in the universal "Noel" of the present day, beginning with the words "Christian Midnight!" This is sung usually to the music of Adam, which is a distinction any composer might be proud of.

One is always glad to have accomplished the no inconsiderable task of getting inside the Madeleine and assisting at the midnight mass of Christmus eve. It is an undertaking that requires determination undertaking that requires determination and patience, but its reward goes with it.
As the little parties of Americans move out the great church doors, beneath the wonderful Greek portice and down the iong flights of steps to the Boulevard and the rue Royale, their foreign Christmas seems more real to them more real to them

On the Boulevard. The transformation from the church in-

terior to the street is wonderful. Inside, all peaceful, decent, reverent and worthy. Outside, on the great main street of Paris one strikes a real maelstrom of uproarlous loudness, filled with colored lights, loud cries, uninterrupted jostling, banter and firtation. The wide Boulevard is lined with little booths that stand along the sidewalk. Each has its blazing lights to best show off its stock of Christmas specialties. It is a paradise of inexpensive plenty, the very place to hunt up worthless Christmas gifts for those we do not leve. Seduced by all this gayety and brightness that strings down the Boulevard two miles and more and makes it like a great night feast as bright as day. like a great night feast as bright as day like a great night feast as bright as day, some members of the pension party always break away to seek adventure on their cwn account. The others hasten home to take the dance up where they left it, feeling mightily important to be able to reprove the stay-at-nomes for sloth and worldliness. There will always be a supper about 1 a.m., a supper that forms part of a great universal after-midnight feed throughout all France. It is the Reveilthroughout all France. It is the Reveil-

Down on the Boulevard the straying ones encounter restaurant and cafe doors wide swinging and hospitable smells of spiced wine and sweet savory black sausage—whose aroma nas been known to penetrate a mile. Into the eating houses they must turn. It is the universal move. Everyhold is exting everyhold. they must turn. It is the universal move. Everybody is eating, everybody is drinking, everybody pounding, ginging and hallooing. Christmas eve in Paris is a loud and joy-ous feast.

Christmas Morning.

When Christmas morning dawns there a tendency to lie abed which is courageously combated by the great mass of our good Americans. The American society church is that of the Avenue d'Alma-the American Church of the Holy Trinity-presided over by the Rev. Dr. Morgan. It is Anglican or American Episcopalian, as you choose. They have an early celebration at 8 a.m. The high service, fully choral, with sermon, takes place at 11. And there is a Christmas evensong at 5 p.m. The greatest names of the colony turn out for the later morning service. The music is particularly fine. Here you will see the smartest gowns in Paris, bar none, for our ladies, be it said in their favor, know more about this subject far than do their Paris sisters. In this atmosphere of luxury and supreme well-being the unhappy one whose home is far away again forgets his pains a while. Some, to keep always moving thus, make it a practice to attend a Christmas matinet, and for this purpose the Opera Comique has long been known as the rendezvous. Lone-ly Americans here encounter each other bechoose. They have an early celebration at it a practice to attend a Christmas matinee, and for this purpose the Opera Comique has long been known as the rendezvous. Lone-ly Americans here encounter each other between the acts on Christmas afternoon. A convulsive grasp of the hand, a husky "Merry Christmas," and they part. It is

In the pensions they are engaged with their great dinner. Their French cooks, by ong training, manage to compass such dishes as roast turkey with alleged cranberry sauce, which they will never sweeten properly; canned sweet corn, into which they never will put cream and butter pumpkin pie, which they make wonderfully vell; and the plum pudding, which comes in a tin from England. These Christmas dinners, which are always in the middle of the day, arrange the afternoon for all who cat them. It is a solemn afternoon, dull somnolent and headachy, and has its wind-up in an ignominious sprawl, with stertorous breathing and unconsciousness. So Christmas passes, Christmas in a foreign



I think we all, after a certain age find Christmas full enough of vain regrets, sad reminiscences and certain questionings. It may be only proper that we thus should find it. This may be one of the sacred ses of the day. But in a city highly a vertised for mirth and jollity, a capital of pleasure unique in the world, a Babylon, a niversal fair, a home of art and music an the longed-for goal of good Americans, some very meager Christmases have been passed by your fellow countrymen.

STERLING HEILIG QUEER RHODE ISLAND TWINS.

Oyster and Quahaug Joined After the Manner of Slamese Chang and Eng. From the Providence Journal.

Oysters have a well-known habit of ataching themselves to any object they may ome in contact with in the water. An old shoe or boot, a bottle, another oyster, or a small quahaug are familiar examples out in almost every instance where an oyster and a quahaug are found grown to each other, one is much smaller than the other. Exceptions to this rule are so uncommon that when an oysterman of Paw tuxet found an oyster and a quahaug attached to each other and of the same size the oldest clammers and oystermen in Pawtuxet said they had never seen the like

oyster was a large one, at least six or seven years old, and the quahaug, to which it was attached at the hinge of the and had also attained its full growth. Both bivalves were handsome specimens, and both were alive. The two, united yet separate, were placed on exhibition in the window of Green's fish market, where large part of the male population of th village asseembled at some time during the day or evening. There they were viewed oy men of experience in the handling of quahaugs and oysters, who all said they had never seen another instance where full-grown oyster and quahaug had united. Now, alas, only the shells remain to tell the tale of this natural curiosity. Fred Remington, a clerk in the market, opened both bivalves last week, and extracted the meat whihout breaking the hinges or separating the shells. With the eiges of ach shell slightly apart, showing the in terior, the two are more of a curiosity than

AN EXCELLENT OBJECT.

Remarkable Christmas Etymology o Young Emerson Beacon.

From the New York Herald. The Chicago matron rested her glove

hand upon the scant locks of ten-year-old Emerson Beacon. "Emerson," she chortled, "what is Santy Claws going to bring oo?" "He will, I trust," said the Boston child

"confer upon me a more complete and esoteric comprehension. The Aryan root SA as you remember, Mrs. Porker, is from the ancient GA, which in the original signifies good. Skeeter, in his incomparable dictionary, bears me out in the derivation. CLA going back to the original, indicates objectivity, hence an object, something noticeable to the sense, a thing, to use the Angio-Saxon word sign. But to resume Mrs. Porker, I apprehend that at this Christmas season I shall perhaps be the recipient of a bicycle, a set of Ibsen, a polopony, a degree from Harvard, a check for

"It's plain to be seen, Emmy," gurgled Mrs. Porker, "that you think His Whiskers is a good thing."

A Parson's Blessing.

From the Atlanta Constitution. In one of the rural districts a Georgia minister was invited to dine with a citizen who, though wealthy, furnished his table poorly. When they were seated the hos

said: ain't got nothing much ter set before you but, sich as it is, you air welcome. Will

you ask a blessin' on what you see?"
The parson observing the scant repast lifted up his voice and said:
"Lord, make us thankful for what we see, and may we be able to find it when we reach for it. Let it not escape us and prove a saare and a delusion. Amen. Thank you for the greens."

AN ARMY POST STORY

BY CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

Wilson joined the battery at Fort Cany a little while before the territory of Washington became a state. He had enlisted at Seattle as a recruit; and was therefore classed as a "prairie chicken," as soldiers then were who "took on" anywhere west of the Mississippi. We all had a good many reasons for believing, however, that Wilson was not quite so much of a recruit as his Seattle enlistment record showed on its face. None of us could remember having soldlered with him anywhere, and his face was unfamiliar to all. Nevertheless, from the day he arrived at Canby in charge of the Seattle batch of recruits, of which, according to the list he handed to the officer of the day, he was one, he carried himself too much like a soldier to feel those of us who had been in the outfit a long time. Old Sergeant Fisher took the recruits out to the parade ground, the morning after the'r arrival, to begin to lick them into shape in the awkward squad. Wilson was among them. He tried hard to assume the

among them. He tried bard to assume the lecruit's clumsiness, but we could see that the job was a little too much for him. He was too naturally graceful a man in his carriage for that, and his shoulders were too square. At the command of execution he forgot himself every time, and stepped out with the left foot. A recruit never does that. It takes at least s.x months to teach a recruit that he is possessed of a left foot. Old Fisher gave "To the rear, march!" suddenly, and it caught Wilson napping. Alone of the squad, he whirled on the ball of his left foot and took a step. on the ball of his left foot and took a step rearward, while the rest of the squad ignorantly ploughed on. It was a bad give-away, and Wilson's dark, handsome face flushed. Old Fisher's eye was sharp, if he had been centers express.

All the same, not to make the officers all the same, not to make the officers suspicious, the drill sergeant took Wilson out with the awkward squad every day for a time. It was a fine thing to see Wilson handle his rifle when the guns were dished out to the rookies for the first time. son handle his rine when the guns were dished out to the rookles for the first time. A young lieutenant, fresh from West Point, happened to drop into the day room, and he stopped for a while to watch the new men trying to get through the manual. His eye naturally drifted to Wilson, who would have attracted attention in the middle rank of a regiment, for he certainly was a fine-looking chap. Wilson was trying to handle his gun as if he had never seen one before. We couldn't help but grin jack-assically as we stood around, although we were careful not to let the little West Point shavetail see us do it, for we all liked Wilson, and didn't want see him get into any trouble. Wilson tried so hard to make it appear that he didn't even know what a rifle was made for that he dropped it while the squad was standing at a rifle parade rest. It made the devil's own clatter, and the little lieutenant's eyes snapped. "Gawk!" he muttered while Wilson we rest. It made the devil's own clatter, and the little lisutenant's eyes snapped. "Gawk!" he muttered, while Wilson, red "Gawk!" he muttered, while wilson, red and nervous, reached out and picked up the

and hervous, reached out and picked up the gun.

"Attention!" shouted the drill sergeant. Wilson alone of the batch was like a ramrod before the echoes of the command died away in the day room.

"Right shoulder—hums!" Wilson's gun tame to his shoulder with a snap, the three movements perfect, while the other fellows of the squad were sluggishly coming to a port, a present, a carry, everything but a right shoulder.

"Fix—bay-o-neis!" Wilson's was feel. right shoulder.
"Flx—bay-o-nets!" Wilson's was fixed with the rapidity and precision of an ex-

rert. "Well," said the little lieutenant under

"Well," said the little lieutenant under his breath, as he turned away with a kind of puzzled twinkle in his eye.

Wilson was put to duty the next day, and caught commanding officer's orderly the first time he went on guard. All of us who coccupied bunks in the old-timers' squad room had to confess that Wilson was as fine a soldier as we had ever seen.

None of us ever asked him what outfit he had been in before he came to our layout as a recruit. Wilson was a very quiet man, well educated—we used to see him reading queer-looking books in foreign the formal purpose of the came to our layout the first time he went of the stairs to find out what the matter was. As we scrambled up the ambulance carrying the young naval officer, returning to the launch from his mission, for one but miny origins is proved, while the variety of its sources carries with it quiet man, well educated—we used to see him reading queer-looking books in foreign languages, as he lay on his bunk on rainy afternoons—and we didn't care to bother him with questions. It was none of our blasted business, anyhow. A young whelp of a rookie was watching Wilson daddwack blasted business, anyhow. A young wheip of a rookle was watching Wilson daddyack his cartridge belt one day, and, like the pup that he was, he said so that the other fellows in the room could hear him:

"Oho, but hasn't Wilson done that a lot o' times before, I'd just like to know!"

One of us reached over caught the cub.

One of us reached over, caught the cub by the scruff of the neck and dropped him over the bannisters of the double-decker quarters. Wilson said nothing, although there was an odd sort of gleam in his black There were no allusions to his past after that, you can bet.

Fort Canby is a beautiful, gloomy post.

It is at the mouth of the Columbia river, under the shadow of the mountain that forms the extremity of Cape Disappointment. Oh but the Pacific beta. Oh, but the Pacific batters wildly wildly at those black rocks. In the quarters we could always hear the roar of the sea. The sound used to break some of us up a little, kind of, at night, after the lights went out. I don't know why. The sea is mournful, anyhow, I think. A hundred salmon fishermen from Astoria and Waco got upset and drowned on wicked Columbia bar while we were there, wicked Columbia bar while we were there.

Well, anyhow, Wilson used to spend nearly all of the time that he wasn't on duty down by the sea. He had a pig dragon tattooed on his knotty left. arm, and a barkentine in three colors on his breast. Besides, he knew a great deal shout Japan and South America as some about Japan and South America, as sor about Japan and South America, as some of us found out without being inquisitive, and we knew that he had been to sea. When, how, or in what capacity, we had no idea. But he was fond of the sight of the sea. Only once in a while did he join in the foot ball game with the gang on the parade ground. When he did, he always kicked a goal. On pay days some of us used to go across the trail from the post to Il Waco, three miles away—and there were a lot of ugly looking black bears on that trail, too, I can tell you—and bears on that trail, too, I can tell you-and -well, we'd load up on Jawbones' barbar-ous Siwash whisky. Jawbones was the half-breed Siwash who sold it. Wilson never went along with us. He didn't drink. We kind o' liked him for that, too, for, with big heads and sore stomachs, we were all swearing off every pay day—after our money was spent at Jawbones'. No, Wilson put in his off duty time tramping through the pine and spruce for-ests along the beach, with a stick in his

ests along the beach, with a stick in his hand, always alone. One day the tide rushed in suddenly and caught him at the foot of the cape He had to climb th 600-foot rock, which was almost perpendicular. I wouldn't have tried it for a dicular. I wouldn't have tried it for a million, even to save myself from drowning. He smiled a little when I told him so. He's been aloft on ships, you know. Well, this is the finish. It has been a long time in coming, but you had to understand what manner of man Wilson was. One bright day the sentry up at the litthouse yelled down to the sergeant of the guard that an America man-of-war was coming over the bar. Canby is a saluting station, so that men-of-war are always restation, so that men-of-war are always re-ported by the guard. Wilson was walking number one post, in front of the guard house, and he repeated the lighthouse sen-try's call to the sergeant inside. When the old guard was marched off, relieved by the new one, Wilson went up to the lighthouse with one of us to have a look through the glass at the man-of-war. He grew a little glass at the man-of-war. He grew a little pale as he made her out through the coast guard's binocular, but said nothing. She was one of the old black ships of the old navy, and had dropped her mud hook off Astoria, ten miles across the bay. Her steam launch, darcing on the rollers 'way off in the distance, was heading our way as Wilson looked through the glass. As the launch began to come near Wilson went down to the little dock alone. The officer of the day and three men of the guard were on the dock, waiting to receive the naval officer in the launch, who carried the compliments of the commanding officer of the ship to the commanding officer of our post.

post.

The launch puffed up alongside the dock, and, as the guard came to a present, a fine-looking young naval officer stepped ashore. He was the living image of Wilson, only younger. All of the fellows of the guard noticed the resemblance instantly, but they did not see Wilson, who had hurriedly left the dock when his counterpart with the sword and the silver anchors on his blouse collar stepped from the launch. The young naval officer and the efficer of the day got into an ambulance and were



ONE OF THE POPULAR WRITERS FOR 1897.

THE YOUTH'S

The readers of THE COMPANION for 1897 will enjoy the Contributions of a large number of the most famous men and women of both continents. Unusually attractive are the many brillian: features offered.

Stories for Everybody.

A new and very attractive feature in the volume for 1897 will be six groups of short stories dealing with personal experiences, unusufal incidents, and humorous and pathetic events in professional life. The stories are exceptionally fresh in plot and incident, and will be read with eager interest.

Ministers' Stories.

These are delightfully written, and although deeply pathetic, they cheer by their pervading faith in the love of truth and right almost universally found in human character. A TRUE GENTLEMAN. AARON'S WIFE. Rev. Frederic Palmer. A RESCUE.

A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE. Rev. Usaac O. Rankin.
Rev. Walter Mitchell.

Doctors' Stories.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT. Dr. W. A. Hammond. AN ODD EXPERIENCE. A WAYSIDE PATIENT. Dr. C. W. Harwood.

Lawyers' Stories.

In this group of stories some phases of legal life are de-scribed vividly and with thrilling interest. STARRY VINT'S DEFENCE. AN OFFICE-BOY'S ADVENTURE. THE LITTLE RIVER MYSTERY.

DONG SUN YET.

3333

Homer Greene. H. C. Merwin. Stewart Mitchell.

Dr. Sarah Hughes Graves.

Reporters' Stories.

The rush and rivalry, the excitement and perplexities, the methods and secrets of newspaperdom are described. THE BLANKS IN THE "CLARION." W. D. Quint. A YOUNG SAVAGE. A LOST SENSATION. P. Y. Black. CAMP LOW.

A GIRL WHO BECAME A REPORTER. H. Carruth.

Professors' Stories. Tragedies known only to the physician are described in this exceedingly realistic and fascinating group of stories.

The struggles, trials and gaieties of college life are pictured with the fullest humor, appreciation and sympathy.

THE ANARCHIST. Prof. Bliss Perry. A. W. Colton. W. E. Barlow. TORAZU SAGITA IN THE DEAN'S ROOMS. THIRD STAGE OF DISCIPLINE. Prof. H. A. Beers.

Ceachers' Stories. These narratives breathe the very spirit of school life, and will be found packed with wholesome entertainment.

'TILDY. THE LAST DAY. SON'S TRIUMPH.

Charlotte B. Jordan. Mary Brewster Downs. Ethel Maud Colson.

Oscar K. Davis.

THE COMPANION also announces for 1897, Four Absorbing Serials, Stories of Adventure on Land and Sea, Stories for Boys and Stories for Girls—all profusely illustrated by popular artists. Six Double Holiday Numbers. More then two thousand Articles of Miscellany—Anecdote, Humor, Travel, etc. The timely Editorials, the "Current Events," "Current Topics" and "Nature and Science" Departments give weekly much valuable information in most condensed form.

One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion. It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in color, beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 24 inches. The subjects are delightfully

attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than \$1.00. 52 Weeks for \$1.75. Send for Full Prospectus.

•New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and \$1.75 will receive: 12=Color Calendar

FREE - The Youth's Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1897; PREE - Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers; FREE — The Companion's 4-page Calendar for 1897, a beautifully colored souvenir. An ornament for any mantel or centre-table or writing-desk. The most costly gift of its kind The Companion has ever offered;

See Special . Offers.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

And The Companion Fifty-two Weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1898.

FREE.

drew up out in front of the quarters. The sea officer had heard the shot, and was

copping out of the ambulance to investi-We found Wilson sitting on the edge of his bunk, in his shirt sleeves. His shirt was soaked with blood, and there was a big hole in his right breast. His rifle lay on the floor beside the bunk. He had taken hole in his same the floor beside the bunk. He had taken off his right shoe and pulled the trigger with his great toe. He was very white in the face, but smiling. "Well," he said in a low voice, as we

stooped over to examine him, 'you fellows can sit around the stove and have some thing to talk about on rainy afternoons how. But it's all right—all right—"

Just then the young naval officer pushed through the crowd of us around the bunk. When he caught sight of his brother's face he reeled, and one of us had to catch him to prevent him from falling.

fellow with the silver anchor could say It was easy for us fellows standing arou o see how his heart was aching under hi blouse.

to prevent him from falling.

"It's all right, Ed., all right—" We all sneaked away then. Well, no, I can't say that any of us felt very hilarious just then in. In a few minutes he came out just

almost carrying the young naval officer, a man about twice as big as he was. We all volunteered for the firing party and the four young wind-pushers who trumpeted for the batterles quarreled over which of them should blow "taps" the grave. We'd all spent many an after noon cleaning our guns after firing volleys who had passed from our outfit over the divide, but that certainly was the—well, the breakingest-up funeral that Canby ever saw. Wilson's brother was there, in full dress. But the name that was printed by the post painter on Wilson's head stone was not Wilson. It was the same name as that of the young naval officer. The cemetery at Canby is only a couple of hundred feet from the roaring sea. In a few weeks two ladies, one quite old and white-haired, the other young, pretty, but sad-looking, came to Cânby in mourning. They had "Wilson's" body sent somewhere back to

the states.

It was a long time before we got at the inside of the story. Then we found out that "Wilson" had gotten his commission at West Point and had resigned a year after diffithe states. his graduation on account of some diffi-culty. He had shipped in the navy as a blue acket. After his first cruise he had been drafted to a ship on which his brother, who had meanwhile graduated with disting tion at Annapolis, was serving as a watch and division officer. The humiliation of it had been too much for him, and "Wilson had promptly deserted. Then we got him He had probably been meditating suicide for a long time, and the final sight of his brother's face in such an off-the-earth place as Fort Canby wrought upon him as the working of a fate that seemed to him to be crushing. Thus the rifle ball. We did not talk of him around the stove at all. But his gun was taken out of the rifle rack and stowed away out of sight.

A PROPER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

How Aunt Tabitha's Counsel United Two Fond Hearts. From the New York Herald.

She had been reading "Aunt Tabitha's Coursel to Young Society Buds" and had fallen into a brown study. "Yes," the mused, "Tabby is quite right. It is unbecoming for a young woman to ac-

cept any Christmas present of value from young man." That night Algernon Thinklittle threw himself prostrate before her.

"Take me, Ernestine," he implored; "take this bleeding heart as a Yuletide remembrance—an earnest of years of happiness to

She didn't hesitate. She accepted him so quickly that his head swam in a delirium of joy.

A Defective Grace. From Life.

Jackey-"But, mamma, it's not about

what I'm going to receive that it's so hard Mrs. Earle-"What is it then, Jackey?" "It's about what I'm not going to re-

the variety of its sources carries with it the conviction that under the one covering surname Green reside people of altogether different blcod and lineage who tear it for Green, in the style atte, de la, de, or del Green, was applied to any person who lived by a village green, to distinguish him; bence it became a surname for him and his descendants, and the number of different stocks could only be limited by the number village greens, and perhaps not even by that, since there may have been more than one person living by the same village green who could yet be particularized by that ad-

Besides the descendants of each of these

there may be the descendants of Godwinus Grenesune or Grenessone, who held at Winhester under Edward the Confessor (vide Winton Domesday"), and who, it is assumed, was a Dane or foreigner invited or brought over by Edward; of Grene, who held of Harold at Coceham (Cookham), Sussex (vide "Exchequer Domesday"), and who, considering the connections of Harold, may also have been a Dane or Scandi-tavian; and of Gren, styled Dane, occurring in a roll of barons and knights temp. Ed-ward I (Harl. M.S. 2116), all of whom would fall urder the same surname Green; and, turning to some Scandinavian words, imagination may play its part in bringing material to the test of research—to affirm its validity, or leave it still such stuff as dreams are made of—for the root and crigin of these surnames in Scandinavia.

These words are as follows: Green Sandinavia. These words are as follows: Green, Scandi These words are as follows: Green, Scandinavian Gothic, from grow; Gren; Scandinavian, from grena; Norse Icelandic greina, to branch out, divide; Gren, of Viking origin, meaning the same; and, perhaps, in connection with these, and probably of Viking origin, Gren, Grain, provincial English, a prong or branch; Grene, middle English, difference, debate. But in Gernon, Grenon, Greno, a sobriquet meaning whiskor mus-Greno, a sobriquet meaning whisker, mus-tache, applied to Eustace, a count of Flan-ders, and belonging to Robert in Normandy, who appears as witness to a charter as Guernon, and in "Domesday" as any o the former indifferently, a possible origin may be found for Green, which receives countenance from the fact of Gren appear-ing in some index to the records that has slipped the writer, and remarking that Grenon means whisker or mustache in the langue d'oil, while it is Gren that signifies it in the langue d'oil. it in the langue d'oc, it suggests there might have been found in Normandy in might have been found in Normandy in early times some Norseman styled Gren, and some other person bearing the same name, but derived from the langue d'oc. De Creon, again, is a name that might be corrupted into Green, for De Creon, as such is not now to be found; and in the "Roll of Battle Abbey, by the Duchess of Cleveland, the remark is made that C and G were used indifferently. Grendon, a place in Warwickshire, might have some connection with Green, and have some connection with Green, and Hamo de la Grene vel Grue ("Inq. quod. Dam," Ed. I) g'ves rise to the thoughts, What is Grue? Can Grue be the same as Green for Hamo to be de la Green vel Grue? If Grue be a surname, why call its owner by a less distinguishing one—Green? Was Grue meant for Gr'ne?

Going further afield in search of fore-

fathers, Grun was a man's name in Ger-many as early as the ninth century (Fos-termann's "Namenbuch"), and Grun, Gruen, Grein, Gren, Gryn, was the name of a family living in the Rhineland having the rank of graff, whose ancester was a burgo-master (Hellbach's "Adels Lexicon"). In connection with Gryn, the last smalling master (Hellbach's "Adeis Lexicon"). In connection with Gryn, the last spelling. Greyne occurs in an early English will at Lincoln, A.D. 1417, and in the De Banco Rolls, Edward III and VI, and Grayne is Rolls, Edward as a surname. Gron is likewise also found as a surname. Gron is likewise a surname, but of Frisian origin (Barber's "British Surnames"). Again, there was a Heinrich von Chreine (corruptible into Green), who built the castle of Chreine, on the Danube, in the twelfth century. A British word for alder, guern, could have been given as a man's name, and corrupted een given as a man's name, and corrupted

been given as a man's name, and corrupted into Green.

The difficulty of finding and discriminating the remote source of their name and blood confronts all the possessors in common of this surname Green, than which none can be more puzzling. The different spelling, it is superfluous to say, affords nociue whatever to the searcher in these remote fields, inasmuch as it only relates to how the word Green itself was spelled at different times. The research for each person really is to connect the earliest reliable portion of any particular Green pedigree that is his with some one of whom it may be shown how he came by the surname. Yet on account of the presumably e. Yet on account of the pr

far greater number of atte, de la, de and del Greens, it is conceivable that scribes may have taken this as a constant form and have written some down thus who had their name from some of its other sources, and thus brought in fresh complications or wrong ascriptions.

BREAKFAST AT HEADQUARTERS. A Hungry Reporter Who Invited His

self to Gen. Grant's Table. From the December Century. After the officers at headquarters had obtained what sleep they could get, they arose about daylight, feeling that in all probability they would witness before night either a fight or foot race-a fight if the armies encountered each other, a foot race to secure

good positions if the armies remained apart.

General Meade had started south at dawn moving along the Germanna road. General Grant intended to remain in his present camp till Burnside arrived, in order to give him some directions in person regarding his novements. The general sat down to the breakfast table after nearly all the staff officers had finished their morning meal. While he was slowly sipping his coffee a young newspaper reporter, whose appetite, combined with his spirit of enter-prise, had gained a substantial victory over his modesty, slipped up to the table, took a seat at the farther end, and remarked: "Well, I wouldn't mind taking a cup of "Well, I wouldn't mind taking a cup or screething warm myself, if there's no ob-jection." Thereupon seizing a coffee pot, he poured out a full ration of that sooth-ing army beverage, and, after helping him-self to some of the other dishes, proceed-ed to eat breakfast with an appetite which had evidently been stimulated by long hours

of fasting. The general paid no more attention this occurrence than he would have paid to the flight of a bird acress his path. He scarcely looked at the intruder, did not ut-ter a word at the time, and made no men-tion of it afterward. It was a fair sample of the imperturbability of his nature as to trivial matters taking place about him.

RECITATION WON A HORSE.

A Professed Student Tramp Knew His Greek Alphabet. From the Philadelphia Press.

A tramp appeared at the house of J. H. Barton, three miles south of Columbia, Mo., the other day, and asked for cold victuals in Greek. He stated that he was a graduate of Princeton. Mr. Barton, himself a Greek scholar, was just about to start for Columbia, and his horse was hitched in front of the house. Jestingly he offered to give the tramp the

horse if he could recite the Greek alphabet without a mistake. The tramp looked at the horse and then at Mr. Barton, and then inquired if the bet included the saddle and bridle. Mr. Barton said that it did, and went into the house to get a Greek book. Returning he found the tramp had mounted the horse. As Mr. Barton stepped from the porch the tramp rattled off the alphabet without a mistake, and turning the horse's head disappeared in a cloud of dust. The animal on which the Princeton pilgrim rode away was one of the best saddle horses in

Boone county, noted for its blooded stock. Fashions in Cards



